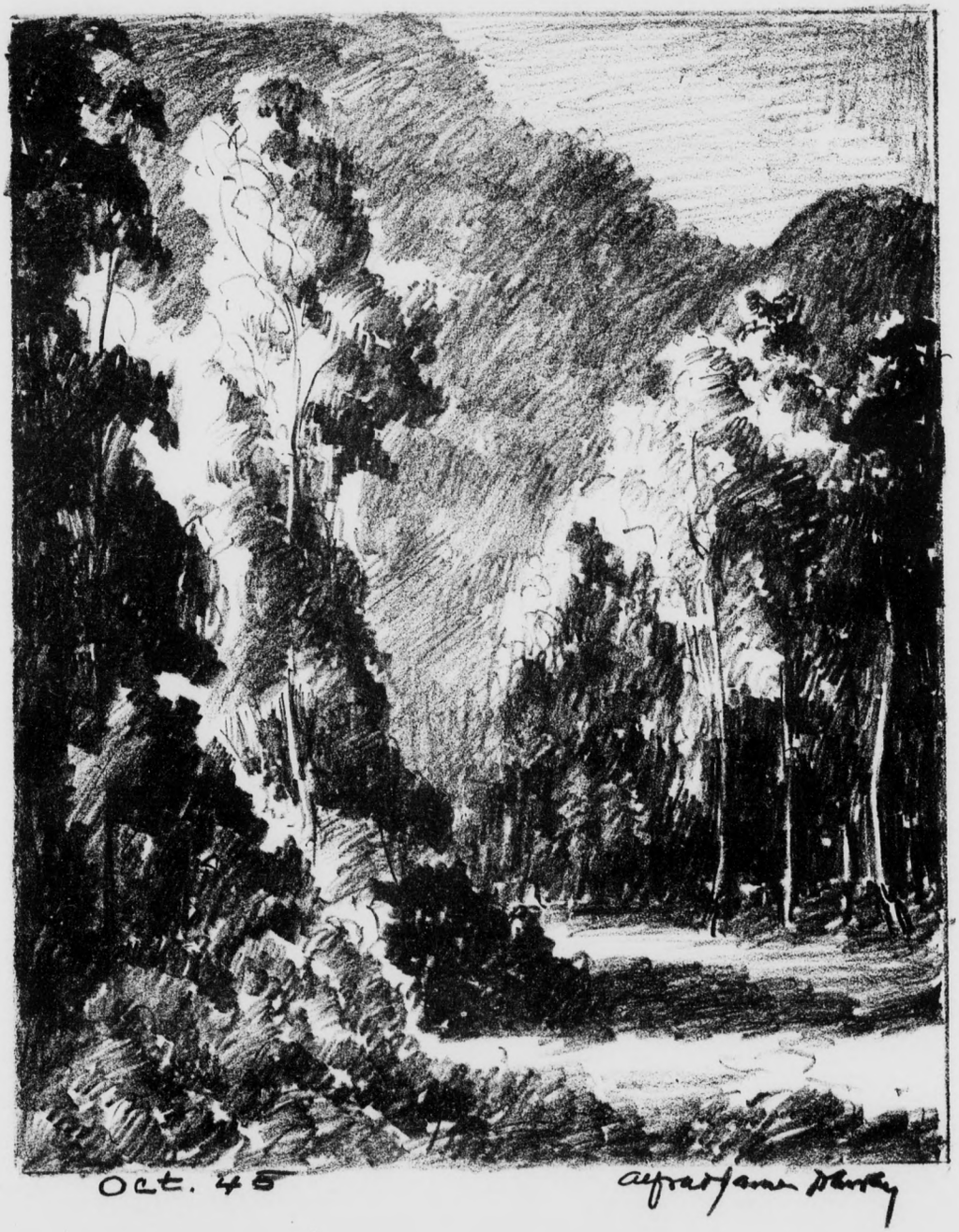
SIERRA MADRE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
SIERRA MADRE, CAL.

HIGH LIGHTS



SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



GRANT CHAPEL
HARRY A. LANGE



HAWKS
SCREW PRODUCTS



WISTARIA CLEANERS
47 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD. CUSTER 5-3339



SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK

HIGH LIGHTS

OCTOBER 1945 Volume 6 Number 8

C O N T E N T S

OLD HOUSE ON LOCH MAREE . Poem . . . . Janet Cheney . . 2

GUILD MEETINGS 4

METEORS . . . . . Essay 5

LOSING HIS STACK . . . . Story . Robert H. McCullagh . . 6

horace . . . . . the guild mouse . . 8

ARIA DI CAPRI - III . . . . . Edward Lloyd Voorhees . . 9

HOME FIRES BURNING . . . Book Review 11

ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing and those of the advertisements, are lithographs, the work of Alfred James Dewey. The lettering for the drawings was done by Elmer M. Weese, commercial artist. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at Pasadena, California.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Leslie B. Wynne Bill Burke Alfred J. Dewey

Dottie Burke, Advertising

HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.

OLD HOUSE ON LOCH MARKE

Janet Cheney

Hard to the piling rock,
For centuries a part of it,
Part of the hill
And part of the Loch;

High on a stern hill,
Set in its likeness,
Built to exist
For a stern will:

The fierce need to rally
Within the stronghold,
The will to take
In the wild sally.

Gauntly fine, bare,
Not an architect's line,
Just rooms of rock
Added there;

A stern, cold place,
A fort when built,
Never for comfort
Or just for the chase.

A bleak house, and bold
As the eagle up there,
Proud of her men,
Their pride not gold.

The women of the lair
Fitted well their place,
Beauty was theirs,
Their fortitude, rare:

Without grace was a life
Too cruelly direct,
The women knew hardship,
Accepted the strife.

They fetched the flag
Not cleaned of its blood
To wave with a monarch's
Till torn to a rag:

The rebellion was lost,
   The clans cut up,
Many a head
   On a pike tossed.

There were some who could run,
   And some who must stay,
But the Glen was emptied,
   The House was done.

Some lived their life
   Into generations
Longing for home -
   Without ancient strife;

They heard the winds pounding
   Against an old house,
At the sea, miles away,
   Mountain-waves sounding;

They thought of grey wall
   Many feet thick,
Men in the court,
   Chief in the hall;

In the slit-open passage,
   North winds knifing,
Slit for defense
   Against sackage.

They had guarded what mattered:
   The fiercely held freedom
Within human walls,
   Within walls much battered.

Fogs made a shroud
   For sea, loch and land,
Over the house
   Under a cloud.

But on scarce sun-lit days,
   Sea, loch and sky
Were bluer than Italy's
   Habitual ways:

Strange crystal air
   Then lit hills and marshlands
With intense colors
   Unbelievable there.

GUILD MEETINGS

The October meeting of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild will be held at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Place, at 8:30 p.m., on the evening of October 12, when the speaker will be Mr. John M. Weatherwax of Hollywood who will address the meeting on the subject, "The Facts and Implications of the San Francisco Conference."

Mr. Weatherwax, author of many articles and a frequent speaker on current topics, is an interested student of various forms of government as well as a newspaperman. He was an officially credited representative at the San Francisco Conference and spent six weeks there making a special study of the treaties involved, as well as other agreements and those of other conferences leading up to the one at San Francisco, including the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and that at Bretton Woods.

In an interview, Mr. Weatherwax stated that a new system of relationships is now being established throughout the world, This is being accomplished by the method of what he calls "continuing consultation," such as that represented by the meetings of the Allied leaders at Moscow, Cairo, Teheran, Yalta, San Francisco and Potsdam. It has become important, therefore, for the student of international affairs, and highly desirable for every citizen, to understand the mechanics, the purposes and the long range perspective of this new approach to international relations.

Mr. Weatherwax's talk to the Guild will be presented with full documentation. Following, there will be a question period. Mr. Weatherwax hopes to have with him the first copy off the press of the book he has written about the San Francisco Conference.

The general public is invited.

Miss Fannie Charles Dillon, composer, pianist and teacher of music, has returned to Sierra Madre for the winter, prepared to meet pupils at her home: -

429 Sturtevant Drive. Phone, Custer 5 - 6139

METEORS

Far down the reaches of the infinite, far down the night-grey pathways of the starry skies, a meteor darts suddenly aflare like a dazzling sunburst, like an elongated penciling of racing fire, like scattered jewels. From what great distance, from what long, age-enduring journey, does this roving bit of the flotsam of the suns come to us now? Out of an isolation as old as the immeasurable past, a tiny speck of the universe never before revealed to vision nor noted by whatever powers course the interstellar voids, out of obscurity, out of silence, out of the darkness of eternal night, it flashes forth now at its journey's end into a radiant splendor that, for one brief moment, lights the heavens even as it dies.

Out of a solitude as old as all the past, shards of the inanimate never before made manifest to life nor marked in space through the passing of the ages, we come unsought and unheralded, a fever and a flame. And of the tracks of that long forecoming and of the traces of that far delay, who is there ever that once bears witness or the least recalls? But out of the unknown, out of the insensible, out of the silence of the forecoming into the silence of the aftergoing, a sudden miracle of birth, a headlong succession of hopes and fears, of pleasures and pains, a scattering of designs and desires. And when the last are scattered and the last are faded away, who knows if we remember or forget?

Is it the sum of that long forecoming and of that far aftergoing that is the real existence, or is it this little glow in the night? There is a sudden rift in the clouds, and against the dark background of the heavens for a moment a meteor gleams. But how is it beyond the rift and beyond the clouds? Does it shine longer there? Someone or something has surely broken a troubling gap in the great circle of serenity, and has called it life. Unless it leads definitely to something better, it is scarcely worth the price we pay for it. The detritus of the meteors blankets the surface of the earth, and upon it man walks proudly over the bones of the dinosaurs. May it come eventually that some race that is really regal walks as proudly over ours, for, in the time of that exaltation, we are already present while we go before as pioneers. Lords and ladies, in that day, they will be, having no care of hopes or fears nor knowing pain, where design comes to fruition and fruition outweighs desire.

L.B.W.

LOSING HIS STACK

Robert H. McCullagh

With his long white beard billowing in the breeze, a pair of old steel spectacles astride his nose, a flat top wide-brimmed hat set far back on his head showing a brow as smooth and serene as a gentle old lady's, old Ben Simons' general appearance surely belied him. His benign blue eyes gazing into space, as he jogged along on his old sorrel mare, gave the impression of a kind circuit rider thoughtfully contemplating the welfare of all his widely scattered flocks.

Far from it. Old Ben was probably contemplating the welfare of his neighbor's widely scattered herds, and how to add to his own without the outlay of cash or waiting for his calf crop.

Old Ben must have been pver seventy. He had been married The Lord knows how many times. There were children, step-children and grandchildren enough to make a fair sized congregation. A more active old rustler than Ben never sat a horse. He was always in trouble but always able to slide from under. It was said he had been on one side or other of a case in every session of the county court for the past twenty years.

In spite of his years old Ben had nerve and demonstrated it to the satisfaction of all the Rimrockers.

The run-in he had with Winn Bolen had its funny side but proved that the old man, contrary to his appearance, was not an advocate of peace at any price; that he believed that a display of force had it all over carefully phrased diplomatic notes, with nothing behind them.

Ben left his ranch after planting it to oats and moved to the newest Mrs. Simons' place about forty miles away. Word came drifting back that Ben was not returning to the Hills as he found the new place large enough to care for all his stock.

Bolen, who ran Ben a close second for getting into trouble, heard that Ben was not coming back. Seeing a fine crop of oat hay just ready for cutting, Bolen drove down with several men and cut it. Figuring to haul it home as he needed it, he stacked the hay in the stack-yard on Ben's old place.

When it came time to haul the hay home, Bolen went

with men and teams to start upon the work. The gate to the stack-yard was nearly opposite the door of Ben's cabin. As the teams came through the line-fence and pulled alongside the cabin, a shot rang out and a bullet slapped dead center on a target fastened on the stack-yard gate.

Then came a second shot. Bolen hollered to stop; that he wanted to haul his hay. No answer but another shot. Getting mad, Bolen climbed down from his rack and turned the corner of the cabin just as a rifle, protruding a few inches from the open door, let go again.

Madder than ever, Bolen called out, "Stop that shooting, you damn fool, or I'll come in there and slap your face."

At that, the rifle barrel swung around and a faded blue eye, topping a bunch of white whiskers, appeared at the corner of the door jamb. With the gun covering Bolen's belt buckle, old Ben slid into sight, and softly said, "I'm over seventy years old, son, and no man ever slapped my face; and I don't allow anybody can begin now. Your hay? Say, I've got 'bout fifty shells for this here gun that says it ain't. And I've got plenty for my old forty-four, and grub and water to last till my kids get here with the cattle that's going to eat this here hay." Then the old rascal smiled as he added, "Many thanks for putting up my hay; that was real neighborly of you." And slipping back to the shelter of the doorway, the old man, with a snap shot, again split the target on the gate.

Plenty red in the face, Bolen, seeing Ben had a full house against his own four-flush, pulled out of the game and lost his stack, as many a man has done after the draw.

REMEMBER: -

Unless otherwise notified, the Guild meets regularly at 8:30 p.m. on the first Friday evening of each month. The place is the Old Brick Oven, at 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre.

The November meeting will be held on November 2.

horace the guild mouse

Why R U sittin ther and nittin ur$ brow sez rachel my pet as i reeched for my pen. i am i sez tryin for 2 reas sembil my thots so as i kan delve in2 my impreshuns of ouer long vakashun i sez frum ure expresshuns she sez i thot as how U were about 2 kommit a poetick monstroscity. my deer I sez U have put ure fingger on2 the fokal point in my konsid erashuns. in ure Uzing that word monstroscity U have delib- arately made a malishious attemt 2 belitel my poetick asens abilities i sez. horace sez rachel R U shur that the heet dident git U this sumer with ure poetick sensibilities she sez. no my deer i sez i am a rejewvinated sowl. Vakashun o vakashun twaz a life what put a nu blud in2 my vanes. what about sez rachel that botel of vitamens what U et up she up and ast. I will ignoer ure sarchasm i sez for my sowl is ayurning to do --

to do
yes to dew
for you
and U
yoo hoo
choo choo sez rachel.
a teer she shed
yes teers.
warm tears
cold tiers
tare tears
tear it up she sez.

horace ure impresshuns of ouer vakashun has gone 2 haywier she added. yes deer, yes my deer i sez haywire --

Hay o haywire
o hay
o the hey
yes the hay
hey far away
hay by the bay
hey for play
hay hey

Hey nuts sez rachel. horace U dope U she sez this junk dont sound nothin like a vakashun 2 me she sez --

horace U dope
hav a hope
yes a hope
what a hope
hope U dope she sez.
No soap, sez i.

ARIA DI CAPRI - III Edward Lloyd Voorhees

Russian Solo - The Sequel:

Not many days after my encounter, at the Trattoria Savoia, with Otto K., Baron Svenska, and the blonde giant who had dipped a peach in wine on a toothpick and presented it to me, I bade goodbye to Capri and sailed from Naples for America. But the next summer found me back in Italy and eventually in Capri. Otto K. did not put in an appearance at Capri that year, nor did I see Baron Svenska. In fact, I had forgotten both of them, for there are always so many new faces, and new stories about them - on that gossipy Island - that the old saying, "Out of sight, out of mind!" seems to prevail. And, indeed, isn't that old saying all too often true of our attitude toward even our very dearest friends? But one day while lunching at the Savoia, I suddenly recalled - for no apparent reason at all - my meeting with the three friends the year before, and how the interesting Russian had initiated me into what I have always interpreted as a pleasant custom of his country, intended as a gesture toward friendship. I then recalled that Otto K. had told me afterward that the Russian, an exile from his native land, was employed as portiere at the Hotel Sirene in Sorrento, across the Bay. Not having visited for a long time that colorful seaport city of golden cliffs, citrus groves, and sumptuous villas buried in sweet-smelling gardens, I forthwith decided to take the trip on the morrow and incidentally drop in at the Sirene to pay my respect to the Russian who had made such a deep impression upon my imagination and curiosity.

As everyone knows, Sorrento is celebrated in Italy and among its devotees of all nations for its handsome and lively people and for the natural beauty of its setting and for the art with which man has aided nature, Moreover, its southern exposure and the mildness of its climate the year round have drawn the rich, the noble, and the famous from all countries to make it an international resort. Having plenty of time before the steamer returned from Naples, I walked leisurely up the terraced ramps along the auto road to the town some 200 feet above, built right out to the edge of palisades from which droop long trailing masses of the brilliant bougainvillea, trumpet vines, and a variety of blooming succulents. Reaching a sort of plaza near the center of the town, I passed the marble monument which commemorates Italy's illustrious Renaissance poet, Torquato Tasso, a native of Sorrento, and then turned right, into

the section occupied by private villas and hotels, their gardens deeply shaded by citrus trees, huge olive trees, umbrella pines, laurel, and palms - all kept fresh and very green from the nightly dampness which rises from the sea after the brilliant sunshine of the day.

After a light lunch at one of the smaller hotels, I went on to the Hotel Sirene, which stands at the very edge of the cliff, its burnt-orange color half hidden by climbing vines and the dense foliage of the huge old trees which surround it. Although I did not even know the name of the Russian, I knew I should recognize him instantly. I had rather expected he might be the first person I would see on entering the hotel, since the "portiere" in an Italian hotel has about the same duties as the "desk clerk" in ours - although the former is somewhat less restricted in his movements and usually is extraordinarily obliging in performing favors for the guests. Not seeing him when I entered, I waited. Soon a man who was obviously the proprietor appeared and asked me smilingly what he could do for me. I told him I had come to see the Russian portiere.

At this, his face became suddenly sad. "Mi dispiace, Signore, ma e morto." (I am sorry, Sir, but he is dead.) Touched by my surprise and distress, he invited me to be seated in the veranda adjoining the lobby, where he was soon joined by his wife, and with the quick sympathy of the Italian temperament, they told me in substance the following story: -

It is ten years since "Giovanni" (Ivan in Russian) Nedri first appeared in Sorrento and was soon engaged as a croupier in a gambling casino. Two years later the gambling house was closed by the police and this Ivan Nedri was then taken on as portiere at the Hotel Sirene. He was, the proprietor told me while his wife nodded vigorously in affirmation, an intelligent and most amiable man, speaking all the current languages sufficiently well for his position, although his Italian was not the most perfect - Ma non tanto male, Signore. (But not too bad.)

His weekly day off he frequently spent at Capri, where apparently the drinking was somewhat deep and generous. Yes, there was also something of mystery about il buon Signore - something molto Russo, nodded the Signora, understandingly, with a thoughtful smile. But one could see that he was of good family, said the proprietor, a member of the nobilita, perhaps. And lowering his voice, he added that it was said Giovanni had killed a Bolshevik in a quarrel, and had run away from Russia, leaving there two sisters and a

wife.... Yes, Signore, it was too much wine - every evening after working hours, two liters (over two quarts). Then it was his heart that weakened - such a huge machine for one little engine. Then in the wet, cold January came the bronchitis, and he could not get up from off his bed. Then the fever. The doctor came and told him to rest quietly - what else.... who can say? As soon as the doctor left the room, the fever was so hot, he got up, seized a caraffe of very cold water, a whole liter, and drank it all. Sacra Madra di Dio! At once, he had a great congestion - for he was a very full-blooded man, Signore - then a great chill, "un gran brivido terribile" - and he was suddenly dead....

One could see that they had loved him as parents love a puzzling, wayward, overgrown, yet charming child - as one who had met him once could so readily understand. I have always regretted there was no second time.

HOME FIRES BURNING. By Robert Henriques. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 241 pp. $2.50.

Who is it that keeps the home fires burning and how are they kept while the boys and the girls are away at the front? The British author, Robert Henriques, has something to say of this and he tells it in his charming, poetic manner as seen in action and thought by Jane, a young English nurse, returning home to England from the war.

Jane is curious as to the condition of her own hearth fires and is very anxious to learn how they have gone with Major David Sloane, the man to whom she is to be married, who has also been long away at the wars. On her long journey, he materializes so often before her in her thought, the same old David, a brilliant young author and a leader of men. But disquieting rumors have come to her: he is no longer the same David, he is changed. It was some time during the African campaign that he received a head wound from a bit of shrapnel, and that injury has left him with a different personality, so it is said. Will he be again the writer, the democratic leader of men, or will he be none at all or a different leader, one that is fascist-minded, perhaps? War experiences are embittering. "A post-concussional syndrome," Dr. Harris had said to her on her

London stop-over. The effects are unpredictable.

Then the long train ride across England, coaches crowded with returning war veterans. But what are the conditions at home? These veterans mean to find out. Have the home folks changed or have the veterans changed? In their philosophies, a little of both, an estrangement, a growing apart, but a gap that must be closed again under some capable leadership. As a leader, the name of David, war hero and a former brigadier, is often upon their lips; but they have not heard of his possible change, and Jane keeps her counsel. With Jane, there is Bill, big, masterful and tolerant, and Charley who is a little "touched in the head" - a head wound at Alamein, and a wife at home who had deserted him for an "essential" war-worker. There is Joe who is very bitter, and there is "Ginger," an irrepressible, fair-haired Cockney boy who came through it all unspoiled. And there too is George, the civilian war-worker who once tried to join the Navy, so he said. "But I'm an essential, I am," he boasted; and Charley would have throttled him had not Bill stood guard.

"He has a weak heart," George's meek little wife explained.

"He was lucky," said Joe. And did he ever go out on strike? Yes, twice, she admitted; but he didn't want to. But the wages were so poor and the hours so terrible; and they were bombed out of their house.

"And how about us?" asked Joe. Yes, the boys were bombed out aplenty, but they didn't strike although their wages were poor enough in all conscience.

"Don't you listen to 'im," Ginger said to the bewildered little woman; "'e's vicious, 'e is."

"We didn't think," she whispered.

"But you have to see our side," pleaded George. Hadn't the workers kept up the standards at home while the soldiers were away? When these soldiers doff their uniforms they will all be workers, too. But Joe was unconvinced.

Later, they all come together again in Jane's home where David enters, appearing normal. Bill eyes him from a distance, the others expectant, while Joe, the hero-worshipper, would kneel at his feet. But David holds himself curiously aloof. The end comes dramatically, "effects unpredictable" and strange.



GEORGE MORGRIDGE
PRINTING
SYCAMORE 2-7296
473 E. GREEN ST. PASADENA



HAPPY'S
FINE LIQUORS
12 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD

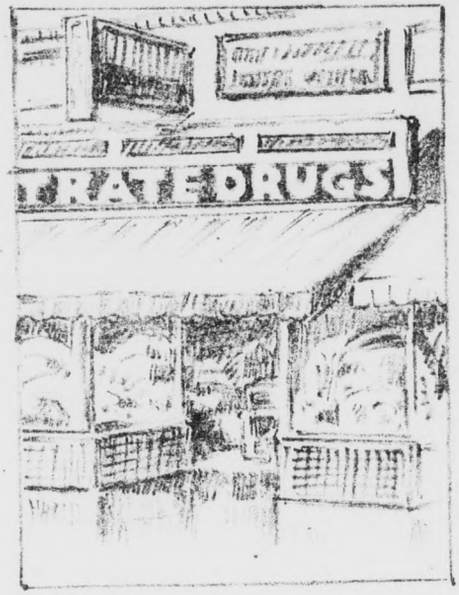


ROBERTS' MARKET ++ FINE FOOD PRODUCTS

Sierra Madre Public Library
City.



BYRON HOPPER
JEWELRY · WATCHES
OPPOSITE P.E. STATION



ROYAL DRUG STORE
PRESCRIPTIONS · COSMETICS
17 KERSTING COURT



J. A. GADD
BUS. CUSTER 5-3313
RES. CUSTER 5-6238
TREE SPRAYING & SURGERY



CLUB SIXTY
GOOD FOOD + FINE DRINKS
60 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD